

The Summer Of Love 1967.

Chapter -5-

Around January of 1967 Dan White had met a drummer from Grove City. To replace Kerrwood on drums for **Elderberry Blossom Tea Band** Mike Ryan was enlisted. We had upcoming commitments for the Roller Rink and Fair shows. So, we spent the spring getting the band ready for the Shows with all new songs. Also White and Jenkins had found their "alchemy as songwriters". They definitely came up with some cool pop songs. Mostly, it was vocals and lyrics pop. Like my friend Charles Cicirella, White was a natural born poet. Dan Mahoney had a friend from Sacred Heart School named Ernie Felice who I named "Catlad" after the TV wrestler. He had a brand new vox pacemaker amp with a bulldog speaker and a gibson ES-335. But he didn't know how to play. He offered to let me use his gear for our upcoming gigs and I told him to watch my hands. Ironically later on in 1972 I would replace him on guitar in "Grey Ship". With the **Elderberries** sounding tight we return to the 18th & Main Street roller rink in May. That gig saw about a hundred kids dancing on their skates; buying pop, cotton candy and popcorn. But Ryan's dad had taken over management duty from Jim & I. He got us about \$75 for the return gig. At 15 I thought I had made the big time and we were rolling in the dough. However, Ryan's dad was really conservative about things. Jenkins, White, Mahoney and me had to keep the beer and pot on the down low around him. Ryan was not a head so we kept him out of loop plus he lived in grove city and we only dealt with him at band practices. Now you can't tell an Irishman not to drink whiskey even though it has kept the Irish from ruling the world. I don't think Ryan's dad approved but Mahoney, but out of respect for Mr. Ryan's belief system Mahoney only hit the whiskey when Mr. Ryan wasn't watching. I never understood why Dan's mom let him get away with it. She was as strict as you could get. But she had no problem letting him drink and he was a master at keeping his shit together when he was drunk.

That spring of 1967 saw The Avengers and Star Trek hit the TV's airwaves. Also, London's Mod scene exploded in cowtown with the psychedelia of a new band that Jim and I saw perform at WCOL Beef and Cattle show called, "**The Four O'clock Balloon**". It was led by OSU student Wayne Sheppard. They did mostly "Jefferson Airplane" and "Mother of Invention" songs but captured the 1967 Northland Shopping Mall's Battle of the Bands crown with a perfect cover version of "Strawberry Fields" live. They went on to put out a 45 called, "*Dark Cobble Street*" b/w "*Two Heads*". But the record flopped. Later on **The Four O'clock Balloon** and **Dantes** minus Dave Workman opened for Jimi Hendrix at vets in 1968. Jim and I met Hendrix backstage at the loading dock. At the time my Central High Trade School Printing teacher Bob Stagmiller had a sound & light company and did the Hendrix show at Vets. He got us hooked up to meet Hendrix. I heard some rednecks stagehands had given Hendrix a hard time for being "black" but when I met him he was happy and relaxed. Another emerging band that exploded onto the scene was "**The Mayflower Proposition**". It was led by Jeff and Roukue Whitlock; and later on with drummer Dan "Tinkerbelle" Waldron. They played Jerry Razors' NBC 4 Dance-o-Rama TV broadcast at the 1967 Fair. Also, **Bruce Nutt** and **Charlie Wonder** had started a club downtown across from the Clock Bar called "**The Electric Playground**" around 1968. I remember seeing "**Alice Cooper**" in 1969 play there but I missed the **MC5** show. I heard they had some great parties there.

That summer of 1967 the “hood” started going to the Grandview swimming pool during the weekdays. I remember **Van Morrison's** “*Brown Eyed Girl*” and **The Rare Breed** “*Beg Borrow & Steal*” being cover by **The Ohio Express** on my transistor radio. I had just got my driver license at 16 and had bought a used car. Getting a car change everything. I was still a virgin but the swimming pool had a lot of Grandview teenage age girls in bikinis. Oh boy. The girls loved dancing in the grass when ever “*On a Carousel*”, “*Carrie Ann*”, “*Look Through Any Window*” or “*Bus Stop*” was played by the **Hollies**. We boys enjoyed watching the girls dance a lot. They were all out of our league. I liked the **Every Mother Son** tune, “*Come on Down to my Boat*” the best because the girls would invite me into the water to play with them. A Squid in his natural element is a sight to behold. I’ve always said “Pussy will make a blind man buy a color TV set” and I think that still holds true today.



As school let out in 1967 for summer break I got wind of the **Monterey Pop Festival**. At the time I had no clue about **Jimi Hendrix** or **the Who**. But something exciting was in the air. We had just done a show back at the 18th and main street roller rink in “old town” columbus. Mr. Ryan had booked the rolling rink gig right after our 1967 Fair show. This is when the west coast started to come into focus for me. On May 1, 1967 “*Are You Experienced*” debut by the **Jimi Hendrix Experience**. When Jenkins handed me the record all I could see was a “Nigger”. But then he played it for me and it was way over my head. It took awhile for me to assimilate it but when I finally got it I was blown away. Any programed cultural racism in me vanished. My hero was “black”. The music he played was shocking. All I could think, listening over and over to the LP, was how in the fuck did he do this? It was a total mystery. Up to that point the **Beatles** and **Stones** had been my gods. But **Jimi Hendrix** took it way beyond our solar system. But little did I know that **the Who**, **the Doors**, **Jeff Beck** and **Led Zeppelin** were waiting in the wings. They would take rock into another dimension. They would follow **Hendrix** in 1968. It was a new kind of rock. All of a sudden it was about a higher level of art and musicianship. That’s when I began to study the blues. Who the fuck were these black players? Where the fuck did they come from? How could I get those sounds?



The fairgrounds was my hangout on sunday afternoons that summer of love. In the summer of 1967 there must have been at least a 1000 kids going to those WCOL gigs. Jenkins and me always use to press up close to the stage so we could see the guitarist hands. It was faster than playing a record over and over with your guitar trying to cop a riff. Most of the time you scratched the LP. By that time Ralph Nelson had turned us onto acid. I remember doing acid at mirror lake at 3 in the morning and laughing our brains out. Sometimes the lake and oval got misty at night. It was like walking through a rainbow or watching the potato chips bleed. Big fun for a 16 year old.



When I saw the **The Music Explosion** do “*Little Bit O' Soul*” in 1967 at a WCOL gig it was Wow time! **Jamie Lyons** shook it up. The song was written in 1964 by British songwriters, John Carter and Ken Lewis. It was originally recorded by Coventry band, **The Little Darlings**, and released in 1965 on Fontana Records. But The song was popularized in the United States by **The Music Explosion**, whose version went to No. 1 on the Record World 100 Top Pops chart and No. 2 on the Billboard Hot 100 in 1967. After the Music

Explosion ended **Jamie Lyons** formed new band "**Hard Sauce**" which I saw many times live at Mr. Brown's Descent. In 1973 Grey Ship had been the house band at Mr. Brown's Descent. After Hard Sauce ended I heard **Lyons** went on to work at the Buckeye Steel Foundry and died mowing his lawn from a heart attack in 2006.



When **Mayflower Proposition** broke up in late 1967; Roukue & Jeff Whitlock, along with Dan (Tinkerbelle) Waldron formed a new group called "**Tree**". The first time I saw Jeff Whitlock play it was at the **Elderberry Blossom Tea Band** 1967 bandwagon gig. They played on TV and also an outdoors stage next to the State Highway patrol building. We had unloaded in front of the Jim Rhodes Center. Suddenly, I heard all this **Hendrix, Doors, Cream, Vanilla Fudge and Beatles** music come blasting over from the outdoor stage. It was note-fuckin-perfect. Roukue and Jeff Whitlock were motherfuckers. Before Jeff passed in Las Vegas he did sound for a band called "Rattlesnake" (I think). Jeff was doing sound at Ruby Tuesdays in 1989. I talked to Jeff about his music between sets. By this point he was only in it for a living. The cool and new was ghost. He had a sad regret about the pass. But the fire was still in his eyes.

That August of 1967 saw "**Elderberry Blossom Tea Band**" return to the Ohio State Fair with a new drummer. I remember **Herman Hermits** playing the grandstand the day after our gig. I had been drinking and smoking weed and was able to get in the right hand side of the stage. They sounded great live and I had seen that there was no bullshit between **Hermits** numbers. They played everything back to back with almost no tuning issues. Years later in **Greyship** we took up this approach of back to back songs complemented by flashy glitterglam outfits. But what was amazing was that they didn't have tuner tech or security back then. Everyone in those early english band had "tons of tricks" about keeping their equipment up to snuff. I was always trying to figure out how they did it.



As 1968 drew on **Nixon** emerged along with **Motown, Stax** and **Atlantic Records** into the cultural spotlight. That summer black music was dominating american top 40 AM radio culture. But the **Doors, Jeff Beck, Cream, and Hendrix** had quietly taken over the newly created WCOL FM radio airwaves. WCOL- FM was all gospel music in the mid-60's. When the FM revolution started in the bigger cities, WCOL-FM started having a 15 minute (later half hour) segment at something like 8 PM, where they played the newer music of bands like **Cream, Jimi Hendrix**, etc. *Don Gorman* hosted those short, early forays into FM rock in Columbus. Eventually the format evolved from gospel rock all the time. All of a sudden we had our own radio station that was playing the kind of music we wanted to hear with no commercials or gospel. I spend hours upon hours with vinyl LPs trying to figure out their riffs. Then one day I got a copy of the studio album by **Mike Bloomfield, Al Kooper** and **Stephen Stills** called Super Session. The song "*Albert's Shuffle*" opened the blues door for me. I spend months trying to learn those riffs. By the summer 67 I had upped my game from all those long days of study.

When school started back up in the fall of 1967 I entered 8th grade and took up b flat clarinet. Our teacher Miss Strings was only 25 years old and she was the sexist blond blue eyed woman I had ever seen. She had a degree in music from OSU. There I was in a class with 6 other girls trying to learn how to apply rock n' roll riffs to clarinet. It didn't work but I

learned the basics of music from her and her boss, Doctor Henry Monaco. Miss Strings was a sweetheart and I had a crush on her. Then one Saturday morning I woke up with a puddle of sperm in my bed. WTF? In my dream I had fucked Miss Strings. Wow! That's when I discovered what a "Wet Dream" meant. Other people had talked about it for years but I had never put 2 and 2 together. I hid it from my mom and washed the sheets. I remember around this time **"I Am A Rock" & "Hazy Shade of Winter"** by **Simon and Garfunkel** being playing on the radio. This was when I really began to be interested in women. Up till then I viewed sex as a trophy with bragging rights. This changed everything. I wanted a girlfriend and not some teaser junior high girl. But I had no idea how to get or handle one. It turned into a life long quest that wasn't realized until I joined the ET breeding program late in life.

In the meantime, Tim Kerrwood who was now a Junior at North and had bought a ¼ reel to reel GE recorder with sound on sound. It allowed one to overdub or bounce tracks back and forth. This would become my 1st experience at D.I.Y. recording. Jim Jenkins jump at the chance to record. He had become fixated on **The Mother's** *"We Are Only In It For The Money"*. Him and White wrote 6 or 7 songs over night for a parody LP they called, **"Molly Ann's One and Only Prostitute Band"**. Like the Mother's LP it was a comedy with gut busting humor. Really outrageous stuff. So Jim, Me, White and Steve & Ron Smith went to Kerrwood's basement near the corner of Arcadia & Indianola and got to work. At the time I was more into **"Between The Buttons"** and **"Aftermath"** by The Stones, but this is before I was writing songs. I was happy to help Jim and Dan with their music. They were evolving very quickly. Jim was a much better musician and Dan was a clever poet. But the porno was all them. I was just along for the ride. But after a few weeks Tim's mother figured out what we were doing and closed it down. After Tim's death his mother left the state and took the master tapes with her. So the master tape was lost in time. But we had a blast doing it. I've never had laugh so much in my life.

Mr. Hackett was a retired marine drill sergeant and oversaw our gym class at Everett Jr. High. It was a bitch dealing with him in our wigs. He believed in Vietnam big time! His sort of hated hippies. He felt we should fight for our country. In their eyes we were cowards. We saw them as fucking nutcases and I kept on the "down low" around those sort of wankers. He would kick the shit out of you if you didn't go along with his "Gun Ho" bullshit. All the tuff kids were afraid of him. Trying to kick his ass was totally out of the question for all the bullies. The main problem with him was we had to take showers with the other boys. I would take a nylon stocking and hair pin my head so the wig would fit neatly over my skull. It took about a half and hour each morning before school to hair spray and tuck my duck tail so as to pass inspection. We had learned how to appear as greasers. Back then if the school caught you they would force you to cut your hair off. Also, my mom dogged me all the time about cutting my hair. She would bribe me with a guitar if I would cut my hair off. I did that a couple of times before I hit 18. I even once had cut off all my hair for a Gibson 12 string. That's what all the real folkies played. Yes, I sold my freedom for a Gibson. The system viewed long hair as an insult. The Vietnam war was raging and the military industrial complex had zero respect for protesters. It was bad for their business model. They were into war and fossil fuels profits. They needed parts to keep their shareholders happy. You couldn't get a job or walk the short north streets if you were a hippy. But I needed to get better at guitar and my hair would grow back. So, from the 8th grade through the 11th I had to do this daily wig ritual or face being expelled from school. Not only this but the bullying

and constant threat of getting our hippy ass kick; (or being called cowards because we didn't want to go to vietnam to kill the V.C.) forced us to adopt wigs. Plus moreover, when you smoked pot the last thing you wanted was a fist fight. To every season a purpose under heaven; no hair, no hassle.

But on the weekends the gathering of the tribes occurred at the WCOL fairground concerts.



There we could fly our freak flags and groove out. Getting to and from the fairgrounds was a bit tricky until I had a car. Before that you had to walk through black & white hoods where they love to beat up hippies. At the WCOL fairground concerts I used to watch the girls from the bleachers dance and flirt. Sometime it was better than the lameass bands they booked. It was there that I first met **Stik Hoffman**. He was a major influence on me up until I moved to Nashville in 1983. He was starting 10th grade at West High School that fall of 1968. Stik was a fantastic bass,

harp and slide guitar player. He was best pals with **Eric Moore**, **Chuck Sparks** and **Phil Stokes** and they went on to play with the **Godz/Capital City Rockets** and **Westside L.M.F./J.D. Blackfoot** respectively. Other lead players I met before I got kicked out of North High for wearing a wig was **Bruce** and **Dave Roberts**. They were into jazz and were motherfuckers on guitar.



Another musician I met was **Dewey Campbell** from South High School. At the time Dewey was a lead singer and just learning to play guitar. Later on he kicked me out of a band when he found a better lead guitarist. At the time he was into Boz Scaggs who I thought sucked so it was no love loss when his band soon imploded. **Stik Hoffman** on the other hand, introduced me to the black drummer **Atonio "TJ" Jackson**. At the time Stik was really into **MC5** and **Stooges**. On weekends he and his pals would go up to Flint Michigan and party out at their gigs. Stik had

also turned me on to this Black guitarist named **Gregg Milles**. TJ and Gregg also came from West High. As I remember, **TJ** was always breaking sticks and drums heads. **TJ** was the first power drummer I ever encountered. There was always saw dust on the floor when he got done rocking. **TJ, Mills, Stik, Stokes** and **Moore** were the ones I admired at West High School. Later on **Stik** had arranged for us to do a few jam sessions at a Methodist church on the west side. We would get liquored up in the parking lot then do some Led Zeppelin jams on open stage night. A few years later **TJ** got us gigs at the OSU Oval, and the Agora open stage jam sessions. Other people I saw at those shows were drummer **Mike Patterson** and Lead guitarist **Jim Jory** of the **Lowbrows**. Both of which were students at North High at the time. **Patterson** had been in **Mayflower Proposition** before it broke up. Both him and Dan (Tinkerbelle) Waldron were more into jazz than TJ or me & Stik.



On March 3rd 1968 Jenkins & I met **Jimi Hendrix** backstage at Vets Memorial Auditorium. I didn't understand it at the time but my whole paradigm of reality was in transition. There was this divinity about **Jimi**

Hendrix that I can't explain but I know all lead guitarists get. It was the first magical encounter of my life. There would be other such magical experiences; Betty Rider (Psychic) Max (Filipino psychic surgeon) Rom (ET guardian) The Masters of Wisdom; Maitreya, Jesus, D.K., H.P. Blavatsky, Sai Baba, Paramahansa Yogananda, Sri Yukteswar, Plus, not to mention my 8 Female wives in the Space Brother's breeding program. But Hendrix was the first. He showed me my path. He set my inner compass to true north. Hendrix advanced the whole concept of rock n' roll by taking it into uncharted waters. That night lasted a lifetime.



Vets Memorial Auditorium was crackling with excitement that night. First up was **The Four O'clock Balloon** followed by the **Dantes**. Both rocked out severely. Neither group were magical for me; but, when **The Soft Machine** took to the red glowing stage all you could make out was three people in shadow playing their jazzbo asses off. This was art rock before its time. WTF? Then I noticed that **Robert Wyatt** was strip naked flailing about his kit in the dark. WTF? He didn't give a shit! Sharing the same management team as Jimi Hendrix, **The Soft Machine** were rewarded with a supporting slot on the 1968 **Jimi Hendrix Experience's** North America tour. The gig consisted of **Robert Wyatt** (drums, vocals), **Kevin Ayers** (bass, guitar, vocals), and **Mike Ratledge** (organ). Unfortunately **Daavid Allen** (guitar) did not play this gig. I was stunned. I had never seen anything like it. After their set we took a 15 minute break and smoked some weed in the basement of vets.

Then Jimi Hendrix came out. Fuckin Boom! His chops were impeccable. From the last row in the balcony I saw him throw his strat up into the curtains then leap up 5 feet and catch the downward falling guitar. Then Jimi rolled backwards with his axe between his legs and ended up playing right handed without missing a note of *"You Got Me Floating"*. His control of feedback was phenomenal. You could hear bombs exploding and children weeping. He did bass, rhythm, lead and sang all at the same time. WTF? How he manage all the acrobatics was a goddamn impossible thing to see. For the first time in my life I was blown away. It was like getting hit in the head with a baseball bat. KA-Boom!

After the show we rushed our way to the loading dock. My printing teacher Robert Stagmiller had secured our passage backstage. The **4 O'Clock Balloon** and **The Dantes** were hanging out and everyone was smoking weed. During my experience **Hendrix** stayed in his limo smoking weed and rapping to the groupies. I was very shy and afraid to speak to him. But, I saw that he notice "that" about me. He too was very shy. I was coma from the experience. He was only 5 feet away and the encounter only lasted about 30 minutes. The Girls were asking him silly ass questions but he was very polite and made every effort to please them. Then some chick from North High school handed Hendrix a small glass pyramid. At first he question her. Then she said "Lick It Jimi. Its LSD 25". He put down the joint, smiled and lick it. The epiphany in my brain exploded! There I was on planet Earth with a very advanced Neptunian soul. He had put up with all the racial abuses and still had a loving heart for everyone regardless of their race or belief system. Especially to those racists who viewed him as merely a flashy nigger.

Then for a moment we locked eyes. Flash-boom-pow! He acknowledge our oneness with a nod. My mind went blank. I had trouble breathing. WTF? He knew I was shy and different like

him. Something very spiritually passed between us. I can't really put it into words. That's the moment I knew I would be a musician the rest of my life. I was 15, soon to turn 16. That's the day a black man saved my life. America had raised me to fear and loath black folks. But that night Hendrix showed me the light of unconditional love through his being. I was set free. Then Hendrix motioned to the groupie to get into the Limo and they took off. Most likely he fucked her brains out that night. Later on, I heard he stopped by The Dantes Band House to party before he left cowtown. All I can say was Hendrix was from Neptune. He was the real deal! I had been blessed. A few months later at Vets Memorial Auditorium the **Doors**, **Mountain** and **Cream** hit the stage. They had the same sort of shock and awe impact on me. By that time music was spinning around like a whirlwind inside me. I was moving at light speed. In my room I would turn on WCOL FM and fall asleep at night. All this new music was reprogramming my subconscious.

I had been jamming with **Stik Hoffman**, **Antonio "TJ" Jackson** and we did a couple of street jam sessions at 16th and High that summer. In the meantime White and Jenkins were getting the **Elderberry Blossom Tea Band** ready for our 1968 fair and roller rink shows. The fair grandstand was headlined by the **Bee Gees** that year. But shit went to hell in a handbasket overnight. Vietnam was hitting home with the death of an older dropout friend of mine. America was not supposed to be in Cambodia. My friend Jay Hensley got killed on a rope bridge between Vietnam and Cambodia. I saw large numbers of poor black and whites dropouts were being drafted then killed. Things were getting fucking ugly on the streets. For a 16 year old kid the draft was some scary shit to think about. To cope with the stress I started getting high a lot. Also, Jenkins and I was worried about getting into North High School that fall. We were terrified of going to Central High School. That place was fist city. In 1968 we were getting bullied 24/7 by all the hillbilly greasers and blacks. These two groups hated each other and often fought it out on the streets after school. However, for a time, it cleared a safe passage for us to and from our homes. It was very common for rednecks to sucker punch hippies and blacks walking down the hallway to class. We wanted no part of that.

Then on April 4th **Martin Luther King** was murdered and the rednecks and blacks went insane. For about a month there were riots at Central High School and violent black protests at Everett. Both schools had become a fucking war zone. Somehow we had made it through the cycle with our wigs attached. We figured that we could get through North High too. We just had to lie our way in. Besides, North was much more liberal in their dress code and North had a lot of hippy musicians. Central had none. In fact, as far as I know there was no riots at North when **Martin Luther King** was murdered. I remember **Dan Dow** the former owner of Used Kids records being in the same boat as Jenkins and I. He was forced for a spell to go to Central but was able to get his psychologist to obtain a waiver so as to attend North High. But then we got wind that Mr. Hackett had transferred to Central as our gym instructor! Fuck Me! Not that Nazi bastard again! I had to put up with him in 8th and 9th grades. I wanted no part of him or Central. The problem was that Dow, Jenkins & I lived out of the North High school district. We were really in the Central High School district. But Central was real bad news at the time. So we lied about our address. When, surprise, surprise; we got word that we were to attend North that fall, O' Man, was I one happy hippy shit!

After the 1968 Fair show we played our last show at the 18th and Main Street roller rink. Things were going well for us until we played **"Fire"** by Jimi Hendrix. Then all of sudden my

Ampeg blows up and the stage curtain comes down in flames. Holy Shit! Back then most stages were not grounded properly. I knew plenty of other musicians who got badly shocked from their amps or mics. Things turned into a mad rush for the doors for about 200 kids. Next thing I know the fire department pulls into the parking lot and they close the gig down. After that Mr. Ryan says that; *"Rock N' Roll is too dangerous and Mike is quitting the band"*. Boom! That ended the **Elderberry Blossom Tea Band**. We tried to find other drummers but it all fell apart for us. All of us missed the money and chicks. White was in the worst shape socially. He took back to the streets and quit school selling weed. A few weeks later Dan White gets busted. I found out about it from the Columbus Dispatch. Back then it was a huge fucking deal. All of a sudden the powers that be had us in their crosshairs. Everett Jr. High had started enforcing haircuts because more and more student were becoming heads. As far as I know Jim and I were the only ones hiding in wigs.

That November of 1968 saw Jim & I back at the WCOL Beef and Cattle shows. The Whitlocks had a new band was called **Tree**. It morphed from their old Mayflower Proposition band. Its' members included Jeff Whitlock (guitar), Cliff "Roukue" Whitlock, Dan Waldron (drums) and Randy Adkins (bass). Later on in 1969 they morphed again into **J. D. Blackfoot**. Those gigs lasted about 5 hours on Saturday afternoon. They sold hot dogs, pop and potato chips between sets. The kids smoked pot in the restrooms and there were no cops to be seen anywhere. At one of those shows I *"nudge"* my way up to the front of the stage to see Jeff's hands in hopes of learning a riff or two. There were three girls from North High school who took note: *Gala Wisenheimer, Sally Monk* and *Vickie McNinch*. These three were to play a minor role in my future. I am not sure which one decided to nickname me **"Nudge"**. But they made a girl's pack and started to stalk me and Jim around. Everywhere we went socially they would show up. Somehow they found out that we came from first ave. They sort of looked down upon us socially but they maybe loved the sense of danger they got coming into our hood. Who knows? All three of them lived a few blocks from North High School and were in the 11th grade. Next thing we know these three girls were knocking on Jim's door wanting him to come and smoke hash with them. After a few times Jim and I became friends with them. At first Sally wanted to date Jim but he wasn't into her. He blew her off. Gala in the meantime had started dating one of her father's employees. She encouraged Vicki to date me. This turned into my first real relationship; if you can call it that? I had been with others girls who were loose but Vicki was a virgin. As things turn out Vicki and I started dating. I had just turned 16 in July and Vicki had turn 17 in April. When Dan White came back into the hood in December of 1968 he sized up the situation and scooped up Sally Monk. Then he also introduced me to *Ken Gregory* and *Joe Shortledge*. They both went to North High School. Dan White was drifting away and was spending most of his time with Ken and Joe after the band broke up.

Terry Van Auken was a sales clerk at the music store called *"String Shop"* which at the time was located a half a block north of Lane Ave and High Street at the Waterbeds & Stuff building. We were always hanging out there not buying anything. Terry seemed to tolerate that a lot. Many lead players would come into the store just to jam. Guitarists from North High like **Bruce Roberts** and **Rick Collura** were always jamming there. I learned a lot of lead work from just watching them. **Owen-B** was Terry's new band. They had a hit with **"Mississippi Mana"** and I saw them play at the "world theater" across the street. Other music stores that I hung out in was *"Ziggy Coyles Music"* near Arcadia and High Street. Also, *"Whitey Lunzar Music"* on East Main Street downtown. **Ed Whitney** (Star Track Studio),

Mark Chatfield (Bob Seger/ The Godz), and **Bill Foley** (German Village Music Haus) were all working their in the mid 70s. At one point Chatfield sold me his DBX noise reduction unit for my Teac 3340s reel to reel. Also Whitney sold me my double stack Sound City amp when I was in Greyship. I had to replace the speakers every other month because I would always turn up full blast.

Jim and I had started 10th grade at North High. By this time we were the masters of disguise. No one suspected we had shoulder length hair. But in December Jim got busted in gym class for wearing a wig. They gave him money to get a haircut but he just spent it on weed, so they kicked him out and he had to enroll at Central. A few weeks later I get called into the principal office and told I had to enroll in Central because I lived out of the district. So, there I was back in Mr. Hackett's gym class. Yeah! He was my favorite Nazi! But he had his hands full trying to keep the peace between the brothers and cracker kids. A lot of fights broke out in gym class. So I just blew off gym class as much as allowed. Every class I took at Central High School was a 50/50 black and white mix. There was a lot of hatred on both sides. There were black halls and there were white halls and then there was the darkened auditorium which was a no man's land. That is where Jim, I, *Pat Liman*, along with a midget called "*Little John*" hung out. The auditorium was our hippy haven.



At the time we were the 4 freaks of Central High High School. Girls stared at Pat a lot between classes. He was always sleeping with them. Little John and Pat Liman didn't hide their hair. If anybody started to give them shit about their hair it ended in a fight. Both took no shit off bullies. Years later Little John became a regular at the McDonalds on campus. He had become our local weed dealer at the time. Both were a blast to be around. All of us would skip gym class and smoke weed together. Sometime we would fire up in the boys room but most of the time we would do Orange AS's (Quaaludes) and sleep through class or study halls. The teachers had their hands full with the other kids so they just let us snooze. We were not troublemakers. We just wanted to be left alone.

I spent all of 10 grade asleep only to be woken up by the bells. When I had transferred to Central High School President Nixon had taken office. I really didn't pay too much attention to that geezer. But the Army pressure was on about the draft. I remember a group of black teenagers dragging a dummy on fire of Uncle Sam down the main hall, right pass the office and out the door. It happened in front of the auditorium where Central kept all the holy sport trophies from the 40s & 50s. The brothers were sick and tired of being meat for the grinder. Vietnam had killed so many black kids. I always ran from those kind of social confrontations.

Musically, the two big LPs for me that year were "*Yer Album*" by **James Gang**; and "*Truth*" by **The Jeff Beck Group**. I was becoming more interested in rock technology. How did they get these sounds? Where do I find it? In the meantime, **Owsley Stanley's** LSD had hit. I was dropping LSD maybe once a week back then; mostly Orange Sunshine or Purple Microdots. Owsley Stanley was an American audio engineer and clandestine chemist. He was a key figure in the San Francisco Bay Area hippie movement during the 1960s and played a pivotal role in the decade's counterculture. Our old dealer Ralph Nelson from central high school had become the go to guy for good Stanley acid. But there was a drug warrant for

Nelson's arrest. The cops said he had been a very bad boy. Now he was on the lamb headed to California. I remember showing up one night drunk and legless at some apartment. Ralph Nelson was having sex under a blanket. He was kind and let me in. They were really rocking hard and I ended up watching them fuck until daybreak. They had the record player was on endless repeat. That was the 1st time I heard **Dazed and Confused** by **Led Zeppelin**. **Led Zeppelin** 1st record was released on January 5th 1969. As stoned as I was I knew that was the kind of music I wanted to do, but couldn't. Thus began a never ending uphill battle to upgrade my skill set.

The **Altamont** Speedway Free Festival was a counterculture-era rock concert in 1969 in the United States, held at the Altamont Speedway in northern California on Saturday, December 6. The concert featured (in order of appearance): **Santana, The Jefferson Airplane, The Flying Burrito Brothers** and **Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young**, with **the Rolling Stones** taking the stage as the final act. The **Grateful Dead** were also scheduled to perform following **CSNY**, but declined to play shortly before their scheduled appearance due to the increasing violence at the venue. Altamont was bummer on my brain. Shortly after that; on January 30th of 1969 the **Beatles** did their last rooftop gig in London and Jenkins began to talk about dropping out of school.

He was fed up with the wigs and fighting. His mom was on the warpath about his hair and school. But Jim had made up his mind. Once he did that you could forget about it. Jim was very stubborn. To relax our gang did a road trip and followed *Stik Hoffman* up to Flint Michigan to see **Ike** and **Tina Turner** perform. It was my first outdoor rock festival. We loved it. Good weed, people making love in their cars. This was right after **The Doors** got busted in Miami on March 1st. As always I "nudge" my way up front to see Ike's hands. That motherfucker could play. I remember Tina Turner's legs being bruised and she was using makeup to cover up her black eye. Most likely Ike went on a rampage and beat her up. I must admit I got into a fight with Vicky once, but I never bruised her I hope. Dan White broke us up before I lost control. After that I was so ashamed of myself. I did not want to be that kind of person. Back then, and I hate to say this; in my hood it was normal for men to beat their women. I'm not making any excuses for myself. I was ignorant and full of myself. Back then this was the way the ghetto rolled. It was wrong. Of course there was the time we were doing Quaaludes with Sally Monk and Dan White. Me and Vicky were going at it in the bedroom and bump our heads together. Boom. Next morning she had a huge black eye. When she got home her Step-dad wanted to put my ass into a hurt locker until she told him the truth about situation. Talk about bad press. It took a few months to get back into favor with her clan again.

Soon after this I ran a red light and a cop wrote me a ticket which I just pitched into the trash when I got home. I had no concept of law enforcement back then. Next thing I know I get a real friendly ass postcard from the Columbus Police Department requesting that I meet with officer so and so. When I got to the meeting he request my I.D. The next thing I know he handcuffed me and tosses my boney ass in the city jail bullpen. *"Oh dear. Please don't butt fuck me"*! There I was greeted by a bunch of drunks sleeping in their own piss. It stunk really bad because most of the hobos had soiled themselves. I spent 3 days in jail until the cops let me call my mom who posted bail and hired a lawyer. Ouch! Then there was this hippy hitchhiker from california who could not make bail. He had been locked up for 6 months with all these thugs. He kept hitting his head on the bars crying out to "Jesus" to

save him. He would pace for a bit then start to banging his skull on the bars again. After a while six huge guards grab his ass and suited him up in a straightjacket. Last I heard he was in solitary confinement. After that I vowed to myself I would always try to avoid any contact with politicians, preachers or law enforcement officials. Actually, they taught me a huge lesson about life. Pay attention young son. The world is full of danger and your ass is in deep. When **Brian Jones** died on July 3rd of 1969 I realized that I need to cut back on the LSD. "I don't want to be Brian Jones". Life was getting too out of control and I wanted to slow down. But It wasn't in the cards.

Events came rushing at me like a punch drunk fighter. On **July 20th 1969** the moon landing occurred. Jenkins, White and I were still trying to put the band back together but Mahoney had moved on to college. Gala's little brother Cliff Wisenheimer was a drummer and had an attic rehearsal space so we had enlisted him. However, we needed some speakers. Cliff had a PA but none of us had any money for speakers. I remember watching the moon landing with the guys. Cliff's dad was making a huge deal about the moon. I wasn't into the moon. I just wanted to play some good rock n' roll and get laid. We even tried to climb up some poles at the OSU stadium and steal a PA speaker but it was impossible; so we gave up. A few weeks later that **August of 1969** Vicky tells me she is pregnant and the shit hits the fan. At the time I was hoping to go to "**Woodstock**" on **August the 15th of 1969**. Now it looked like I'd have to dropout of school and get a job. I knew her family would break off all contact once they found out. I dreaded telling my mom. Mom went Magnavox on me. It as brutal. It was hell. There was even talk of sending me to Boys Town. She wasn't going to go to out of state and let me get married. No fucking way. I didn't have a job and I had just turned 17. In the State of Ohio you could not get married at 17. That fall I would be in the 10 grade. I had qualified for Vocational Printing Trade School at Central. I wanted to do the right thing and give the child my name. But It was going to be a motherfucker of long hard road. Harder than I ever imagine. I knew I was going to have to cut my hair off if I was going to get a job. Nobody hired long hairs. The fact was I wasn't a man yet. I was a teenager in "a lifetime of child support trouble". I hadn't the luxury of growing up. I didn't understand the concept of a family. I didn't have a clue what to do. All I knew was I wanted to play music and give the kid my name. I didn't understand or know how to make a living off music. That was a pipe dream. Vicky knew that. I didn't even know my baby sister back on my grandmother's farm. All I knew was that I needed to find a job and printing seemed like the only direction to go. Maybe it was karma from a past life? I thought that I needed at least one year of schooling to get hired. I only got 9 months. Tick tock goes the clock. Look out Squid you're totally fucked.

In **February of 1970** we went to Pittsburgh. I got married at 17 and Vicky was 18. We needed child support for tax, GED and draft reasons and this was the only legal way in Ohio. So I forced my mom to sign. I don't regret my choice. The baby was worth it. But it was a mistake because we were both were so immature. Neither one of us were ready to be parents. Both of us would say one thing; think something else, and act in contradiction to our words and thoughts. The first time we lived together it lasted about 4 months. No matter how you cut the cards we were not meant to live together. I worked 7 days a week from November of 1969 till April of 1970 trying to prove to both sides that I was grown up. I tried. But I was only fooling myself. I was not ready to settle down. I wanted to play music and party. Around **April 1st of 1970** I was robbed on my pizza delivery job. Oscar Staton had

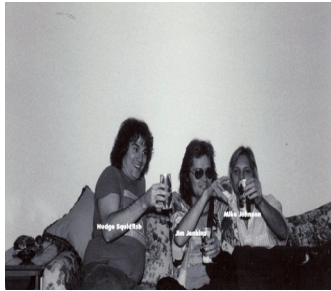
gotten wind of my job and called in a large order to be delivered at the side of this dark house. As I stepped towards the doorbell someone in the bushes jump up behind me and held a knife to my throat. He took about \$200 bucks and told me to lay down on the ground and "don't look up or your dead". Then he vanished like a *"Nixon File"*. That ended the pizza job for me. On the **April 25th 1970** my daughter Tracy was born. Everything changed after that. It was a whirlwind of economic stress. I did what ever I could to get odd jobs for money. I dropped out of school a few days later and went job hunting for a printing gig. After a week of walking the streets I found a job at Thor Printing in downtown Columbus. The money worked out well so I rented a 2nd floor apartment at the conner of Duncan & High. I was trying to do the right thing.

We lived together off and on for about 4 months from **May 1970** till **August 1970**. I know Vicky's family didn't trust us with a newborn. We both tied hard to make it work but "immaturity" was pulling us apart. Then came the Kent State Shooting on **May 4th 1970** with riots at the Oval being broken up by the Ohio National Guard. I was right back where I started; right in the middle of a cultural war. After 2 months at Thor printing they let me go for a more experienced offset pressman. I was crushed. Lucky me, I got another printing gig at Copy Cat Printing a few days later. Vicky was spending more time with her family than at our apartment. I don't think she was able to cope with a newborn alone. I was surprised they even let her stay with me due to the baby. Everyone thought I was stupid for trying to raise a baby. All our friends were partying hard. But I felt it was my fault and I needed to man up and at least try.

In **June of 1970** I got word of this rock festival being held in Cincinnati. The Mid-Summer Rock Festival featured: **The Stooges, Grand Funk Railroad, Alice Cooper, Mott the Hoople, Ten Years After, Bob Seger, The Damnation of Adam's Blessing** and **Mountain**. At the time I was the only one who could drive; so, Mike Johnson, Jim Jenkins and I drove down to Crosley Field. When we got there our group hooked up with Ken Gregory, Dan White and Joe Shortledge. Those guys had show up with Quaaludes. Then we all got crazy and had a blast dancing with the girls during the show. Joe Shortledge had this strategy of offering girls Quaaludes. It always worked. The girls always would fuck you if you gave them Quaaludes. I had a park car and I'm sure that Joe took advantage of the situation. Thank god this was way before AIDS hit. Back then free love was accepted as normal. Everyone there that day was stoned out of their minds. There were too many kids and not enough law so the cops just left us alone. Around this time Vicky was enrolled at Night School and had began to fancy some boy named Gene Myers. I didn't suspect a thing but she wasn't really ready for motherhood. We both wanted to party too much.

When I got back to work Vicky had spend the weekend at her mothers. They were not very keen on letting us take care of the baby alone at that point. Both her mom and grandmother "hated" the situation. After a while Vicky fell into their attitude. I was paying Vicky in cash every week but in 1972 she forced me to pay through to courts after our divorce was over. At that time the court said that all the money I had giving her didn't count as support and ordered that I was in arrears. WTF? That was my first taste of Vicky abandoning our trust. I had created so much pain she just wanted to move on with her life. She wanted to be a teenager again. I was becoming merely a child support payment to her family. So, she began to go to night school at North to get her GED. She told me about this friend she had made. Something was going on with her. She was moving away from me and was resenting

the situation. Soon, we began to spend our weekends apart, but during weekdays we lived together.



Soon after that Mike Johnson and Jim Jenkins asked if I wanted to go to the **2nd Atlanta Pop Festival in Byron Georgia on 4th of July 1970**. Is the pope a catholic? On the bill was **Jimi Hendrix, The Allman Brothers, Cactus, the Chambers Brothers, Grand Funk Railroad, It's a Beautiful Day, B.B. King, Lee Michaels, Mott The Hoople, Mountain, Poco, Procol Harum, Bob Seger System, Spirit, Ten Years After and Johnny Winters**. There is a film documentary called, ***"Jimi Hendrix: Electric Church"*** which I feel gives a pretty accurate portrayal of my experience. So, Mike, Jim and I packed up in a rush and hit the road for Atlanta. When we got to Kentucky we discovered that fireworks were legal. Oh boy! We had bought beer & weed with us and ended up buying a shit load of Cherry Bombs outside of Lexington. We left Columbus around 5 PM and travel all night till we were outside of Nashville. That night, Mike kept lighting off Cherry Bombs and tossing them out the car window. He harassed the holy shit out of long distance truckers by timing the explosions to go off in front their rigs. We were having a blast but then one of the truckers lost control of his rig and ran off the road. Oh Shit! We figured we had better stop before someone got killed. Little did we know that things were going to get very surrealistic later on for us. During the trip we didn't see one cop? Maybe because over 600,000 hippies had converged on Byron Georgia. We took to the back roads for safety and to avoid the traffic jams. Around 3 AM somewhere on a mountain roadside we pulled over to rest. Jim and Mike had fell asleep in the car.



I got a beer and fired up some killer weed and took a walk. As I looked up at the star filled sky I felt like Jack Kerouac. I was with my crazy ass friends "On the road". I began to wonder what the fuck I had gotten myself into. There was nothing around for miles except for the red dirt. If the car broke down how could I get it repaired? I knew my life was a mess. I figure it was my last hoorah. But I had this sense of destiny pulling at me. I just knew Vicky and I were headed down different paths in life.

On the 3rd of July at about 8 AM we arrived in Atlanta. The main hippy hang out back then was Peach Street. We bought some peaches and cokes. We then got word from a group of hippies who were going to the festival that the show had been moved 80 miles down the road to Byron Georgia. It seemed that Governor Lester Maddox had declared a State of Emergency due to the overwhelming migration of hippies. We followed them down some country backroads until roadblocks forced us to park. By then we were about a quarter of a mile from Echeconnee Creek. We were told that all the alligators and water moccasins had fled the creek. The local wildlife had been inundated by a hundred thousands kids skinny dipping. But what caught our attention the most was the woods next to the pecan grove where kids were having sex in their tents and sleeping bags. Holy Shit! Free love what a concept. Thank you god! The heat and humidity was oppressive but those kids kept getting it on. It had reached over 100 degrees by 11 AM. From the stage and you could hear the bands echoing off the hills. We scoped out both sides of the main stage then made a plan. So Mike; being the babe magnet he was, fired up a joint and passed it around to a group of nearby girls. There was one girl who was eyeballing Mike. We had planned to hang together

but then we were getting very hungry. Next thing I know somebody gave us some peanut and jelly sandwiches laced with LSD to eat. We had no idea. Not a clue. We didn't figure that out until about 30 minutes later. (*"Now taking off on runway # 7" Va Va Va Room. Weeeee*). We had not thought to bring our own food or water. We had been in such a rush to get here. That is when everything turned surrealistic. By noon the heat reached 104 degrees. The 80% humidity was unbearable. We had eaten up all our peaches and coke; and then Boom-the LSD had took over. Mike had been checking out the street vendors selling ice water,



hash and pop. Then the fire department began to spray down a grateful crowd of hippies near the main drag. We kept returning to that fire truck every hour to get soaking wet. This helped keep us cool in the sweltering summer heat. We wrapped our tee-shirts around our heads to block out the sun. As we walked around the festival ground exploring we kept getting thirsty. Then some hippies offered us some Kool Aid. It was ice cold and tasted great. However, It was also spiked with more acid. That's when

I saw about 20 or 30 couples fucking in the creek. Old Mike & Jim lit up like a Xmas tree. The plot thickens. The 3 of stamped our asses down to the creek walking between naked couples camped out on blankets. When we got to the bank edge some girl yells out to Mike to come on it. She may have been one of the girls we first smoke a joint with back at the car. In about half a nanosecond Mike had stripped naked with his willy waving in the wind. It was an amazing sight to see all these naked kids playing around in the water. There was Mike who was only 16. He had some soap and was washing her 20 year old breasts. She said he was doing a really good job at it. I was cracking up. Mike was grinning ear to ear. Jim may have been in shock. He kept talking about seeing colors...colors...more colors.



After about 5 minutes of washing her body he yells for us to come in. So, I said, “fuck It” and strip naked too. Jim was way too shy to go naked in public. The colors were working him over. He just sat on the bank and grooved to whole scene. I walked around for awhile in the creek when I bumped into this beautiful girl all alone. We were both so stoned that we had



lost all inhibitions. Then Mike yells out that he will meet us back at the car and those two go to the bank, dress and disappear into crowd. Around 5 PM we got dress and started to hunt for her girl friends who were somewhere in the festival ground. We stopped a few times to eat and get sprayed down. We headed back to the bank to find Jim but he was gone. I would not see Mike or Jim till the next day. Around 9 PM the music became magical with a night mist setting in over the site. Here I was with someone I'd had never met before and I was so happy and at peace just being with her. When I looked at her she was full of rainbow colors. People walking by kept handing us joints and hash. Finally we stopped by this huge coke stand and had a pop. Then she started to kiss on me and rub up against me. The darker it got the sexier she got. She led me into a patch of ground and made a blanket out of our clothes. That night under the moon and stars we made love over and over. But I was to pay the piper for this wonderful night of divine love. Around 1 AM we both fell asleep. It was about 5 AM and chilly when we both woke up to dress. She was really worried about her girl friends and set off to find them. For my part, without thinking to get her name, phone and address, I headed back to the car. I was never to see her again. She had become a mystery. So I crawled into the backseat of my white ford falcon and fell asleep again.

Around 10 AM Mike Johnson comes dragging his exhausted ass back to the car and wakes me up. He points to this Dealer with an army duffle bag full of weed. It had to be about a 100 pounds. The dude was selling bags for \$1. I wanted to find that girl so I left Mike sleeping in the backseat. I hunted high and low. I went back to the site where we made our blanket but she had vanish for the earth. That is when I started to itch. Little did I know that we had made love in a “Poison Ivy” patch. I went back to the river and washed myself down with mud. That seemed to hold it off until the drive home. By this time I knew to watch out for free food and drink. When I got back to the car it was around Noon. Jim was sleeping in the front seat but Mike was up and raring to go. There were a bunch of bands he wanted to see. Neither Mike or Jim ever told me what they had experience at the festival. I can only assume they both got laid. I know they got stoned out of their minds. That Saturday morning I had to find a place to use the restroom. The porta pots were about a half a mile away so I opted for the woods. Watchout for the snakes Squid! After that I watched some of the bands from both sides of the stage. A little later as I explored the main drag and I ran into Mike. He told me he had met some campers in a van who let him use their toilet. He said he had last seen Jim back at the car. We hung out for an hour or so then headed back to the car before sunset. Jim was gone. So Mike and me smoked a joint and talked about **Grand Funk** and **Jimi Hendrix**.

Mike went to look for Jim and I tried to get up close to the stage. I was hoping to see Hendrix's hands. The place was packed full of hippies so I had to settle for both sides of the stage. I was too far away to see his hands. I kept going back and forth all night. I remember Hendrix playing the Star Spangled Banner with fireworks going off over his head. After his show I made my way back to the car and crashed. When I woke up sunday morning at 5 AM. Both Jim and Mike had crash in the back seat. I knew I had a long drive so I headed back to

columbus. It was about a 14 hour drive. When Mike and Jim woke up somewhere in Tennessee they were both pissed off that I had left. None of us were in that great of shape. They knew I had a job to report to monday morning at 8 AM. They bitched at me all the way home. That's when the Poison Ivy started to blister. I was in trouble. Mike said I had better go to the hospital first thing when we got home. I did and spent two days off work being treated by the doctor.



When I finally got back to the apartment Vicky was ghost. She had moved back home with her people. She had fancied this guy she had met at night school. I knew in my heart she had moved on. When Dennis Craig had gotten out of trouble he had stopped by the apartment a few times to party with Vicky and I. One day after work Dennis stop by to smoke a joint. When I told him she was “gone” he asked if he could move in? So for about two month Dennis and I shared that flat. He had put together a **Neil Young** tribute band and was making money off gigs on weekends. But I grew depressed and sad that I had made such a mess of my life. The LSD was making it worse so I stopped. I was 17 and I really needed a father and mother who were normal to show me the way of balance. That was never going to happen. I didn’t have a high school diploma but I was supporting the baby. The printing gig was working out as I had planned. Eventually, Dennis Craig took over the lease and I moved back to moms for a few months.

Before she moved out Vicky had turned me onto **Emitt Rhodes**. He had a hit with a song “**Fresh As A Daisy**”. Rhodes was an American singer-songwriter, multi-instrumentalist and recording engineer. His impact on my musical direction was immense. I wanted to be a one man pop band like him. But it would be 20 years before I reached his level of artistic achievement. I had yet to write my 1st song. Nor could I sing my way out of a wet paper bag back then. Unlike like my friends Mike Rep, Jim Shepard and Tommy Jay who were writing songs and singing their balls off in their late teens; I didn’t succeed in my aspirations until moving to Nashville at 33. Another LP that had a huge impact on me was **Bare Wires** by **John Mayall's Bluesbreakers**, featuring **Mick Taylor** on guitar, released in 1968 on Decca Records. A song that really hit me hard guitar wise was “**Open Up A New Door**”. I spent weeks trying to figure out **Mick Taylor’s** riffs. The song spoke to me about moving on from a failed relationship. Another major influence on me was the LP “**Eric Clapton**”. It was the debut solo studio album released in August 1970 under Atco and Polydor Records. Over the years guitarists like **Pete Townshend, Jeff Beck, Jerry Garcia, Robbie Krieger, Jim Page, George Harrison, John Lennon, The Edge, Neil Young, Malcolm and Angus Young** had a great impact on my musical direction. This was 5 years before the “*Do It Yourself*” cassette movement exploded in 1975. Up till then writing and producing your own songs was a pipe dream. I could not write nor was 4 track reel to reel overdub tape decks invented yet.

By October of 1970 I had settled in at Mom’s when I got word that **Janis Joplin** had died. At the time I hardly noticed. I liked her music but it was all about lead guitar for me at the time. I was so into trying to form another band. One weekend I went to see **Jeff & Roukue Whitlock’s** new band called **Osiris**. It included **Dan “Tinkerbelle” Waldron, Dave Hessler** and **Sterling Smith**. They we doing a Jazz-Fusion gig which was not what I wanted to listen to. I was more onto pop-blues-rock stuff. While at the show I ran into Vicky and we talked about the baby. She wanted to work things out with me. She told me things were not going well with her new boyfriend Gene. I had made sure every payday to swing by her

mom's place to drop off money for the baby. Vicky had got her High School Diploma and when to work as a data entry clerk at some insurance company. This arrangement lasted until I joined Greyship in July of 1972.

Stik Hoffman would stop by my mom's to hang out and jam. We talked about trying to form a "Cream" like group. I told him about Tim Kerrwood and soon the three of us were blasting away in Tim's basement. We called ourselves, "**Segfre Owl**". Things were beginning to gel; then that December, **Jimi Hendrix** was to died in London only 2 months after seeing him in Georgia. This was a major shock. The guy who inspired me in the first place was gone. It was like being hit in the head by a tire tool. WTF. I had just seen him rocking out that last July. That's when I took a step back from the drugs and rock n' roll. I would be 18 soon and I needed to grow up and fly straight. Then towards the end of December of 1970 Tim Kerwood died. Boom. A Hellhound is on my trail, Bubba. It came out of nowhere. I went on auto-pilot. Everything was speeding up so fast I was struggling to make sense of it. The drugs did not help. I knew I wanted to play in a band but there were a lot of road blocks in my path. The biggest being my immaturity and spoiled brat impatience.